

And makes him fore these Accusations forth.  
But he shall know I am as good.

*Gloſt.* As good?

Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.  
*Winch.* I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,

But one imperious in anothers Throne?  
*Gloſt.* Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?

*Winch.* And am not I a Prelate of the Church?

*Gloſt.* Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,  
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.  
*Winch.* Vnreuerent *Gloſter*.

*Gloſt.* Thou art reuerent,  
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.  
*Winch.* Rome shall remedie this,

*Warw.* Roame thither then.

My Lord, it were your durie to forbear.  
*Som.* I, see the Bishop be not ouer-borne:

Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,  
And know the Office that belongs to such.

*Warw.* Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,  
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.

*Som.* Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.

*Warw.* State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?  
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

*Rich.* *Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,  
Least it be said, Speake Sirha when you should:  
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?  
Else would I haue a fling at *Wincheſter*.

*King.* Vnckles of *Gloſter*, and of *Wincheſter*,  
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,  
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,  
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.  
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,  
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?  
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,  
Ciuill diſſention is a viperous Worme,  
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.

*A noyse within, Downe with the  
Tawny-Coats.*

*King.* What tumult's this?

*Warw.* An Vproue, I dare warrant,  
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.

*A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.*

*Enter Maior.*

*Maior.* Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,  
Pitty the Citie of London, pittie vs:  
The Bishop, and the Duke of *Glosters* men,  
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,  
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;  
And banding themselves in contrary parts,  
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,  
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:  
Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,  
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

*Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.*

*King.* We charge you, on allegiance to our selfe,  
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:  
Pray Vnckle *Gloſter* mitigate this strife.

1. *Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall  
to it with our Teeth.

2. *Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.

*Skirmish againe.*

*Gloſt.* You of my household, leaue this peeuiſh broyle,  
And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.

3. *Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man  
Iust, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,  
Inferior to none, but to his Maestie:

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,  
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,  
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mare,  
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,  
And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.  
1. *Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles  
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.

*Begin againe.*

*Gloſt.* Stay, stay, I say:

And if you loue me, as you say you doe,  
Let me perſwade you to forbear a while.

*King.* Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule,  
Can you, my Lord of *Wincheſter*, behold  
My fighes and teares, and will not once relent?  
Who should be pittifull, if you be not?  
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,  
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

*Warw.* Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Wincheſter*,  
Except you meane with obstinate repulſe  
To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme,  
You see what Miſchiefe, and what Murther too,  
Hath bene enacted through your enmitie:  
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

*Winch.* He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.

*Gloſt.* Compassion on the King commands me ſtouple,  
Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest  
Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

*Warw.* Behold my Lord of *Wincheſter*, the Duke  
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:  
Why looke you still so ſterne, and tragicall?

*Gloſt.* Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.

*King.* Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,  
That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:  
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?  
But proue a chiefe offender in the same.

*Warw.* Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:  
For shame my Lord of *Wincheſter* relent;  
What shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

*Winch.* Well, Duke of *Gloſter*, I will yeeld to thee  
Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

*Gloſt.* I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart,  
See here my Friends and louing Countrey men,  
This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,  
Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:  
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

*Winch.* So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

*King.* Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of *Gloſter*,  
How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.

Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,  
But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

1. *Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. *Seru.* And so will I.

3. *Seru.* And I will see what Phyſick the Tauerne af-  
fords. *Exeunt.*

*Warw.* Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,  
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,  
We doe exhibite to your Maestie.

*Glo.* Well vrg'd, my Lord of *Warwick*: for sweet Prince,  
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,  
You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,  
Especially for those occasions  
At *Eltram Place* I told your Maestie,

*King.* And

*King.* And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:  
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,  
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.

*Warw.* Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,  
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc'd.

*Winch.* As will the rest, so willet *Wincheſter*.  
*King.* If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,

But all the whole Inheritance I giue,  
That doth belong vnto the House of *Torke*,  
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.

*Rich.* Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,  
And humble seruice, till the point of death.

*King.* Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,  
And in regerdon of that dutie done,  
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Torke*:

Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,  
And rise created Princely Duke of *Torke*.

*Rich.* And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,  
And as my dutie springs, so perish they,  
That grudge one thought against your Maestie.

*All.* Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Torke*.  
*Som.* Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Torke*.

*Gloſt.* Now will it best auaille your Maestie,  
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:

The presence of a King engenders loue  
Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,  
As it diſ-animates his Enemies.

*King.* When *Gloſter* sayes the word, *King Henry* goes,  
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.

*Gloſt.* Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.

*Sener.* Flourish. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Exeter.*

*Exet.* I, we may march in England, or in France,  
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:

This late diſſention growne betwixt the Peeres,  
Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,  
And will at last breake out into a flame,  
As festred members rot but by degree,  
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,  
So will this base and enuious discord breed.

And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,  
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fifth,  
Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,  
That *Henry* borne at *Monmouth* should winne all,  
And *Henry* borne at *Windſor*, loose all:  
Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,  
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiers with  
Sacks upon their backs.*

*Pucell.* These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,  
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.  
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,  
Talk like the vulgar sort of Market men,  
That come to gather Money for their Corne.  
If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,  
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,  
Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,  
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

*Souldier.* Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City  
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer *Roan*,  
Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*

*Watch.* Che la.

*Pucell.* Peasants la pouure gens de France,  
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.

*Watch.* Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.

*Pucell.* Now *Roan*, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the  
ground. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.*

*Charles.* Saint *Dennis* bleſſe this happy Stratageme,  
And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in *Roan*.

*Bastard.* Here entered *Pucell*, and her Practisants:  
Now she is there, how will she specifie?  
Here is the best and safest passage in.

*Reig.* By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,  
Which once diſcern'd, shewes that her meaning is,  
No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entered.

*Enter Pucell on the top, vbraſting out a  
Torch burning.*

*Pucell.* Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,  
That ioyneſh *Roan* vnto her Countrey men,  
But burning fatall to the *Talbotites*.

*Bastard.* See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,  
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

*Charles.* Now shine it like a Comet of Reuenge,  
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

*Reig.* Deferre no time, delays haue dangerous ends,  
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,  
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarm.*

*An Alarm. Talbot in an Excursion.*

*Talb.* France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,  
If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Trecherie.

*Pucell* that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,  
Hath wrought this Hellish Miſchiefe vnawares,  
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

*An Alarm: Excursions. Bedford brought  
in sicke in a Chayre.*

*Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,  
Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.*

*Pucell.* God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?  
I thinke the Duke of *Burgonie* will fast,

Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.

'Twas full of *Darnell*: doe you like the taste?

*Burg.* Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,  
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,  
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corne.

*Charles.* Your Grace may statue (perhaps) before that  
time.

*Bedf.* Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treason.

*Pucell.* What will you doe, good gray-beard?  
Breake a Lance, and runne a Tilt at Death,  
Within a Chayre.

*Talb.* Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,  
Incompas'd with thy lustfull Paramours,  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,

And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?

Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,

Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

*Pucell.* Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,

If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

*They whisper together in counsell.*

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?  
1 2 *Talb.* Dare